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THE POEM

NO SECT IN HEAVEN!

AND

A REPLY TO THE SAME

IN POETRY.

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BY A LOVER OF TRUTH.

MRS. ELIZABETH H. JOCELYN

"THY WORD IS TRUTH."

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
DOMINION OF CANADA:
PRINTED AT THE "NEWS" OFFICE.
1868.

No Sect in Heaven.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fix'd his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated upon the tide,
And no one ask'd, in that blissful spot,
If he belong'd to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker stray'd,
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he button'd his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimm'd hat he pull'd down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sigh'd over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipp'd off, and was seen no more.

As he enter'd heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels question'd him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And look'd rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soak'd them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonish'd, pass'd through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopp'd at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attain'd to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have bean dipp'd, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin
But at last together they enter'd in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seem'd a wonderous throng,
But the men I could count as they pass'd along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *Old* or the *New* way, which it should be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
" You're in the Old way, and I'm in the New,
That is the false, and this is the true ;"—
Or, " I'm in the Old way, and you're in the New,
This is the false, and *that* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seem'd to speak,
Modest the sisters walk'd, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she long'd to pass to the other side
Nor fear'd to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then :
" Let no one speak but the ' holy men ;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
' Oh, let the women keep silence all ?' "

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side ;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,

And Priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, "or crosses," or books had they,
No gowns of silk, nor suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, nor MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

A Reply.

T'was on that sad night, e're the Passover morn,
When Jesus the Saviour was crown'd with a thorn.
The twelve sat listening to the counsel he gave,
"I leave you to-night for the cross and the grave
Be one with each other as my Father with me,
That for ever my church united may be."
The Apostles went forth by the Spirit made bold,
One Shepherd they cried, ONE CHURCH, and one fold,
One baptism, ONE FAITH, one God, and one Lord:
One body UNITED in Christ's holy word,
And whenever they saw divisions begin,
Beware, they all cried of the author of sin,
Them, that divide you, oh quickly reject,
For Christ is the Church and Satan the sect:
His last prayer was that his Church be not riven;
Be sure of one thing, there is no sect in heaven,
But perverse ones rose up that haughtily cried,
One Church is too large we had better divide;
There's no sect in heaven, then be at your ease,
We'll make on the earth all the sects that we please.
I don't like the surplice the Puritan cries,
And the sign of the cross in baptism despise:
And so for a garment, and a mark on the brow,
He left the old Church, and keeps out of it now.

I think says another baptise means to dip,
And not from the hand-hollow water to drip,
And the baptists resolved a fragment to sever,
From the Church which Christ promised to be with for ever.
They styled themselves churches, close communion and free,
Hard shell, and soft shell, as you will soon see,
Seventh Day Baptists, who keep no Lord's day
And Ironside baptists, who meet oft to pray.
The Glory Hallelujah, who groans and who hops,
And Little Children Baptists, who on Sunday spin tops
Seven Principled Baptists, who denounce their own merit,
And Campbelite Baptists who limit the Spirit.
Particular Baptists that include all the best,
And General Baptists, who embrace all the rest;
Mormonite Baptists, the worst of them all,
With all the new sects in the water who fall.
And as scripture declares, heap up their own teachers,
And modestly style them, their good baptist preachers:
Having ears without profit unless they be tinkled,
And denounce in plain language the infant that's sprinkled.
"We'll make our own priests," Congregationalists said,
"None but laymen lay hands on a good layman's head,
And although who ordain priests we care not a song,
Ordination by bishops of course must be wrong."
Every man for himself the grave Quaker then cried,
All creeds, sects and churches, and forms set aside,
But THEE and THOU, PLAIN COAT and BROAD BRIM, oh spare!
The church *for these great truths* in tatters I'll tear.
Cried Wesley, beginning a schism to foresee,
Who'er leaves the church is no disciple of me,
My Preachers are upstarts, should they try to ordain,
And this I inform'd them again and again.

To act without order, or Sacraments give,
They shall ne'er be permitted so long as I live ;
But his followers thought best his counsel to scorn,
And away from the church a new fragment was torn.
They strove and they wrangled, divided again,
Until sects were as plenty as quarrelsome men :
And the heathen looked on with wondering eyes,
To see the disciples of HIM in the skies,
Abusing each other, and then cross the seas,
Sending heralds to preach the gospel of peace :
Go home said the heathen and learn to agree,
What the gospel is e're you send it to me.
Rome too, she severed her sect with the rest,
And of Catholic order can offer no test,
But requires every Papist from the church to depart,
And secede with herself in mind, soul and heart.
But the church, as of old before schism begun,
Still kept in the old paths, united in one :
The *true* faith she holds, and the form of sound words,
Which keeps her united, and free from discords.
When the sects all departed they thought she was gone,
That her power and greatness were finished and done,
That her GREAT HEAD had left her in anger, alone,
And favored the sects, from HIS church which had flown.
But now in great wonder they find the Lord there,
Where with Prayerbook in hand they unite all in prayer,
And in Holy Communion, at the altar within,
Is Christ's Blessed Sacrifice made for their sin.
And while the new sects were wrangling and striving,
The church was intent upon sanctified living,
And in quiet confidence, with Christ by her side,
O'er boisterous billows she safely did ride.

She seeks after the rich, and yet she does more,
For her learned apostles are sent to the poor,
With blessings abundant, and with bible in hand,
She proclaims the free gospel all over the land;
And millions rejoice both in earth and in heaven,
That to her the Bible and Prayer-book were given.
The sects soon perceived her all glorious within,
They read in the bible that schism is sin,
And wearied perhaps with ceaseless dissention,
The subject began of union to mention.
They gravely proclaimed without fear of derision,
"Let men say what they will there is no division,
For we all love the lord, and each one his brother:"
And prove it by constant abuse of each other.
These, indeed, are all one in heart, spirit and mind;
For discordant spirits are all of one kind.
They "love all," they declare, but the church they reject,
For calling each body that left her a sect:
And dare not speak to her on the subject of union,
But she cries, "come find it in the good old communion."
She refuses to come down and join with the rest;
Because that she was as good as the best.
The church is the church and a sect you can't make it,
Unless in some way you can manage to break it,
But this never can be, until she suspect,
That a sect is a church and a church is a sect.
They argue, "in heaven no sect shall appear:
But the church is a sect, and hence it is clear,
That the churchman has a most dangerous case,
For the sacred succession above has no place."
A churchman near by, with a quizzical look,
Pulled out from his pocket and read in a book,

The case of a fox who by some sad mishap
To his grief left his tail in a sportman's steel trap,
He could not mend his tail, so to make good his case
Cried, "Foxes with tails are a shame and disgrace."
While musing on these things I laid down to sleep,
A vision came to me both brilliant and deep,
I dreamed I saw myriads of angels above
And saints all united in heavenly love.
No Methodist, Baptist, nor Puritan there,
No Papist, nor Quaker marr'd that scene so fair,
For dissentions were lost in the glory so bright,
And the love of the Saviour filled all with delight.
A sincere, pious Paptist advanced on his way;
He hoped that in travelling he had not gone astray.
He asked for admittance in the name of the Pope,
And in God's only Son he said he did hope,
And in His good Mother he knew he would find
Access to her Son if they both were combined.
By masses and crosses and candles so bright,
And black heads and white heads and bright shining light:
And if that would not do he said he was willing
To test absolution which cost him a shilling.
His sins he acknowledged to be very great,
But in Lent and on Fridays he never ate meat;
He knew there was virtue in Purgative fire,
But to pass it quite easy it was his desire.
At this a voice issued direct from the throne
Away with your crosses of wood and of stone,
Your Aves and Credos, your mass for dead men,
And all but the love of my Son that was slain.
To redeem you when lost and undone by your guilt,
And restore you to favor, by his blood that was spilt,

And as for purgation by red coals of fire,
'Tis a wicked invention of Satan the liar;
It robs me of glory and you of the truth;
You were burden'd and trammelled by it from your youth,
But since you do trust in the merits of Him,
Who died on the cross to redeem you from sin:
With Luther and Calvin and Cranmer the great,
Through Jesus Christ's name you may now take a seat,
And join the true church, so abhorred by the Pope,
Which ne'er for salvation by vain works did hope.
The poor Papist, a churchman, appeared now in light,
In a surplice of glory so pure and so bright,
Not stained with red crosses nor silly invention,
Thus to decorate man was not God's intention,
But robed in pure white with no trace of sable,
So the Pope lost a subject and the mass proved a fable.
The Baptist came next there and hoped for admittance,
Through the merits of Jesus he begged for acquittance,
His frames and his feelings were all right within:
He was plunged in the water over heels, head and chin.
To the church's bless'd Bible he owed no obligation,
But his whole heart agreed with the Baptist translation,
To him the old Bible appeared mouldy and damp,
And confessed to be churchly by old Doctor Cramp.
Baptise meant to dip; so he found in this version:
No use of disputing, for the word meant immersion.
Although its reported Mr. Hutchinson was able,
To prove the good Doctor's immersion a fable:
And if Dr. Cramp could defend it no better,
He was certain that Spurgeon could answer the letter.
So since he was dipped he thought he might enter,
Through the merits of Christ his great head and centre.

His hymn book he valued, from the heart his prayers took,
But he hated most cordially the prayers from the book.
A voice then came to him it was so divine,
No water could cleanse that foul heart of thine,
In ignorance and darkness, you your mother disowned
And wandered with false lights away from her home.
You followed rude men, without erudition,
Who received the bless'd word with one silly condition;
That it teach no one thing but what Baptists think right,
And *nought but the vile creed* in which they delight.
Your children you left without hope and God,
And for this you were visited oft with the rod:
Yet since that in Christ's holy merits you rest,
You may enter the mansions prepared for the blest.
Your delusion and error will be henceforth forgot,
Though the sect that you prized most in heaven is not:
Come now look around o'er the bright shining plain,
The churchmen their children have met here again,
Every nine out of ten, this tells the grand story
Are the spirits of infants admitted to glory.
But your sect left the children, they could hardly tell where,
To grope in thick darkness in the meeting house there:
Now enter the Church and come home to your mother,
By you so neglected when you followed another;
Through the mercy of Jesus you may now find a place,
And among faithful churchmen praise God for his grace.
The Puritan next, he made his appearance,
With a long solemn face to betoken a clearance;
A list of fine hymns received his attention,
And Sunday for Sabbath he never would mention.
The prayers from the book he said were all stole,
And the dear pious Bob call'd it all rigmarole:

He prayed from his heart ten times every day,
But the prayers of the church he never would say.
Pious Bob told him plainly to depend on his word
That *his prayers* were far better than *that one* of the Lord;
He prayed for the people, what more did they want,
What right had they all to unite in a chant.
The robes of his righteousness he did cast away,
And for those of the Saviour he always did pray;
He was one of the happy elect he knew well,
And as such he feared not the powers of hell,
Once in grace *always there* was the faith of the word
Which he thought would secure him the smile of the Lord.
The same one that admitted the others on high
Admitted the Puritan up in the sky,
Because he his interest in Jesus confessed
He was therefore admitted to join with the blest.
But he found not in heaven his peculiar lays,
For the whole host above all united in praise;
Not one *looker on* in that region was found,
And his Puritan worship was proved quite unsound,
The robes and *responses* left his sect in the lurch
And proved that in heaven there was nothing but church.
The Methodist, Quaker, and others less witted,
Through Christ the Redeemer were freely admitted;
Their schisms all exposed and consumed in the fire,
But their souls were made pure by the blood of Messiah,
Their schismatic sins now appeared in true light,
And the Priests up in glory arrayed all in white;
No disorderly groaning, nor moaning nor ranting,
For ten thousand millions were engaged there in chanting.
The notes of rich music in fullness were heard,
And the angels responded the praise of the Lord;

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They answered each other like the noise of great waters,
Or the mightiest thunders of God's sons and daughters.
Allelujah and blessing and glory they sing,
While millions of voices respond to their King;
Allelujah they cry, Allelujah again,
And angelic voices respond with Amen.

I awoke from my vision determined to be
A Scriptural Churchman, with him to agree,
Until strife and contention, and schism shall cease,
Where all will be harmony, concord and peace.

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